

Mother successfully lived off her typewriter talents for a decade before  
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wedding a handsome widower Naval officer on April 24, 1934. He was 11  
years

her senior with a 5 year old daughter.

July 25, 1931, Tokyo - Dear Kathie: First I will tell you about the trip  
coming over. I met the nicest Lieutenant in the Navy. He has just come  
from teaching two years at Annapolis Naval Academy and will have three  
years duty in china. Well, we were together all during the trip and he  
sure is a peach. Very good looking and as nice as he is good looking. On  
board I had a great time because Allan of course knew all the naval  
officers and theft wives and they invited me to all the little stateroom  
parties.

and I was asked to spend my vacation in Shangai by Allan. I have never  
known anyone as nice as he is and I'm not going to risk any chance of  
losing developing this friendship just because my insurance premiums  
are so high I won't have enough saved by the time summer comes.

P.S. . . . . Don't tell Mother about the Lieutenant as she will put it in the  
news.

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Her Projects

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During World War II and my father's long  
absence, Mother kept busy raising her  
daughter inherited-by-marriage and her own  
twin daughters, soon to be joined by baby  
brother Mike.

Mother's touch permeates my child-memory.

It created a cared-for feeling that extends  
into adulthood. Efficient fingers shampooed  
away dandruff and rubbed in love. "Ouch,  
you're pulling so hard," we'd complain  
as she compactly secured our braids with  
barettes. My first-grade heart pumped with  
pride as I took her hand and led her along the hallway at the grade-school  
luncheon.

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